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BERLIN, GERMANY

"COME ON, HERO. TELL ME IT HURTS..."

...COME ON, SAY THE WORDS...

KKRRRKK

WHAM

...TELL ME TO STOP. TELL ME YOU CANNOT TAKE THIS ANY LONGER.

GO... GO...

...TO HELL.

WHAM

STOP! STOP IT!

HE'S HAD ENOUGH!

WHAT DO YOU EVEN WANT FROM HIM?!

THIS...

...THIS IS WHAT THEY WANT.

HEH HEH HEH.

WHAM

POLICE STATION

THE CITY

GOD DAMN IT.

GOD DAMN IT, GOD DAMN IT.

WHAT DID YOUR DAD ALWAYS SAY, SAM?

IT TAKES A THIEF...

...TO CATCH A THIEF.

"WELL, WELL, WELL... IF IT ISN'T OFFICER SAM..."

...I WAS WONDERING HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE FOR YOU TO GRACE US WITH YOUR PRESENCE.

A DETECTIVE AS *YOUNG* AND *AMBITIOUS* AS YOU... I KNEW IT WOULD ONLY BE A MATTER OF TIME. BUT MAYBE *TOO MUCH* TIME.

I DON'T LIKE TO BE KEPT *WAITING.*

WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, BREATHLESS-- GOOD THINGS COME TO THOSE WHO WAIT.

TOUCHÉ.

GOOD THINGS ALSO COME TO THOSE WHO TAKE WHAT THEY WANT.

SO, DETECTIVE...

...I IMAGINE YOU DIDN'T COME ALL THIS WAY JUST TO FLIRT.

NO...

...I CAME BECAUSE OF *THIS.*

I LOVE GOLD, BUT EVEN THIS GIRL HAS HER LIMITS.

YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?

QUITE.

FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SKEPTICAL BUT, YOU SEE...

...I KNOW A THING OR TWO. YOU DON'T GET TO BE A YOUNG, AMBITIOUS DETECTIVE WITHOUT TRADING IN INFORMATION.

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, AND I KNOW WHO YOUR FATHER IS-- AND I KNOW LIPS MANLIS ISN'T HIDING OUT IN A POSH RESORT OR ON A BEACH IN MEXICO.

HE'S IN GERMANY.

YOU LISTEN TO ME, ***DETECTIVE,*** BECAUSE I'M ONLY GOING TO SAY THIS ONCE--

=HUK=

MY DAD'S A LOT OF THINGS, BUT A FILTHY, NO-GOOD, GODDAMN NAZI ***PIG*** ISN'T ONE OF THEM. UNDERSTOOD?

YES.

I'LL TELL YOU ANOTHER THING--NO ONE MAKES MOVES IN THIS CITY WITHOUT GOING THROUGH THE MANLIS FAMILY FIRST. WHOEVER'S BEHIND THIS, THEY'RE ***INSULTING*** US. WE DON'T LIKE BEING INSULTED.

THEN ***HELP*** ME. TELL ME WHO THE SUMMER SISTERS WORK FOR.

YOU'RE SO ARROGANT-- YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTING INTO. YOU BETTER BE SURE YOU WANT TO DO THIS. YOU MIGHT TARNISH YOUR TIDY REPUTATION.

=HUFF= =HUFF= I'M NOT AFRAID TO GET DIRTY.

NOW, TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW.

POLICE STATION

WE'RE HERE FOR THE NAZI GOLD.

IS THAT SO? YOU THINK THIS IS A MUSEUM EXHIBIT OR SOMETHIN'?
I WISH...

...THIS WOULD BE A WHOLE LOT EASIER IF IT WERE!

IT'S--IT'S...YOU. THE SUMMER SISTERS.

YOU CAN'T BE DOWN HERE! YOU CAN'T--

BA-BOOOM

AAAAAHHH!

YOU STINKIN' POLICE--NEVER KNOW WHEN TO MIND YOUR OWN GOD DAMN BUSINESS. YOU TOOK SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU...

...IT BELONGS TO *ME.*

PRUNEFACE?!

THAT'S *MR. PRUNEFACE* TO YOU, PIG!

THANK YOU, BROW.

WHAM

MAY, JUNE-- RELIABLE AS ALWAYS.

NOW, LET'S GET OUR GOL--

THANK YOU, PRUNEFACE.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

HANDS IN THE AIR! NOW!

YOU WANT OUR HANDS IN THE AIR?

OKAY. WELL...

...YOU ASKED FOR IT!

BLAM BLAM BUDDA BUDDA

AAAHHHH!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDD

HURRY IT UP! GET EVERY LAST BAR!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

WE GOTTA MOVE, PRUNEFACE! THERE'S MORE OF 'EM COMING!

BLAM

KEEP FIRING! ALL OF YOU!

WE *CANNOT* LET THEM LEAVE WITH THAT GOLD!

WE'VE GOT IT, MR. PRUNEFACE! THAT'S ALL OF IT!

YOU HEARD THE MAN...

...TIME TO GO.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

IT'S BEEN FUN, COPPERS. BUT ONCE AGAIN...

...YOU LOSE.

NO.

NO!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

BYE-BYE!

NO.

TRACY... TRACY, PLEASE... DICK...

TESS, LISTEN TO ME...WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME...

DON'T SAY THAT, PLEASE DON'T SAY THAT--

I--I LOVE YOU, TESS. I JUST...I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT, BEFORE...

DON'T SAY THAT--I LOVE YOU, TOO! BUT THIS ISN'T...

...THE END?

HELLO, TRACY. MISS TRUEHEART.

YOU'VE BOTH LOOKED BETTER, I GOTTA SAY.

LIPS MANLIS. SHOULD'VE KNOWN YOU WERE BEHIND THIS.

THOUGH, I HAVE TO SAY--EVEN I'M A LITTLE SURPRISED YOU'D GROVEL IN FRONT OF ***NAZIS.***

WHAT--WHAT IS THIS?

THIS?

THIS IS A ***PRIVATE*** CONVERSATION.

BLAM

I DON'T CONSORT WITH NAZIS, TRACY.

NOW, LET'S GET YOU CLEANED UP, FAST. IF YOU'RE GONNA HANDLE THESE NAZI PIGS, WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME.

THE SUMMER SISTERS BLASTED A *HOLE* THROUGH THE DAMN WALL?

THEY WERE THERE, BUT SOMEONE ELSE WAS IN CHARGE--A MAN.

HIS FACE--IT WAS MESSED UP. BURNED. BADLY.

BURNED, *EH?* ONLY ONE GOON I KNOW THAT LOOKS LIKE THAT.

PRUNEFACE. A TRAITOR. NAZI SCUM.

YOU KNOW HIM?

OH, I KNOW HIM. THAT BASTARD ***KILLED*** MY BROTHER.

WHERE DO I FIND THIS SONOFABITCH?

HEH. THIS WHOLE THING HAS GOT YOU RILED UP, CATCHEM. YOU SEEM DIFFERENT. NOT THE ARROGANT PRICK I THOUGHT YOU WERE.

OH, I'M STILL AN ARROGANT PRICK, PATTON.

BUT THIS PRICK WANTS TO TAKE THOSE NAZIS DOWN. HARD.

ATTABOY, SAM. LEMME JUST GET--

NO, PAT-- YOU'RE IN NO SHAPE FOR THIS. YOU NEED TO REST.

BUT YOU CAN HELP ME. IN A BIG WAY.

NOT IN A HOSPITAL FROCK, I CAN'T.

SURE YOU CAN.

TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THAT WRINKLED NAZI THUG.

"I SHOULD'VE KILLED THAT SNAKE MYSELF WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE."

WHY DIDN'T YOU, LIPS? NEVER KNOWN YOU TO HESITATE WHEN IT COMES TO PULLING A TRIGGER.

PRUNEFACE WAS USEFUL TO ME. UNTIL HE WASN'T.

SO THESE SUMMER SISTERS-- THEY WORK *FOR* PRUNEFACE?

THEY DO, IN A WAY. SO DOES THE BROW. BUT THAT GALOOT WILL FOLLOW ANYONE IF HE GETS PAID.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN THEY WORK FOR HIM "*IN A WAY*"? FEELS PRETTY BLACK AND WHITE TO ME.

OF COURSE IT SEEMS THAT WAY TO YOU, TRACY. YOU'RE A COP. YOU SEE ***EVERYTHING*** IN BLACK AND WHITE.

BUT TELL ME, WHAT BROUGHT YOU TO GERMANY?

I WAS LOOKING FOR A FRIEND--CARL CLIMER. HE WAS KILLED TRYING TO SMOKE OUT NAZIS INFILTRATING THE CITY.

OH? YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?

WHY THE HELL WOULDN'T I--

NO, I SEE WHAT HE'S SAYING. NOFFEL...HE WASN'T A SPY. HE WAS A PATSY, A NOTHING. BUT...WHY WOULD CARL CLIMER BE AFTER HIM?

WHY INDEED? UNLESS YOUR FRIEND CARL WASN'T AFTER NOFFEL AT ALL.

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

I SAW CARL *DIE.*

"I WAS IN THE TRENCHES WITH THAT MAN. I KNOW HIM, MAYBE AS MUCH AS I KNOW MYSELF."

TRACY, TRACY, TRACY--

TSSSSSS

--LET ME ASK YOU--

"--HOW'D THIS FRIEND OF YOURS DIE?

"LET ME GUESS-- YOU NEVER SAW THE BODY.

"WHAT KIND OF SECRETS DID THIS GUY HAVE, AFTER THE WAR? AFTER THE DARKNESS HE WALKED THROUGH?

"WHAT'S THIS CARL CLIMER *CAPABLE* OF?"

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, CHAP?

--THE HELL?!

NOW, NOW--

--IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK TO A FRIEND OF A FRIEND?

WHO ARE YOU? WHY'D YOU FOLLOW ME HERE?

NAME'S CLIMER, CHAP. ***CARL CLIMER.*** OLD PAL OF YOUR COLLEAGUE, TRACY.

IMPOSSIBLE. CARL CLIMER'S ***DEAD.***

'FRAID NOT, MATE.

IN THIS GAME, YOU'VE GOT TO STAY A FEW STEPS AHEAD OF YOUR ENEMIES IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE.

JOB? WHAT JOB?

SOMETIMES, BEING DEAD'S THE BEST WAY TO GET THE JOB DONE.

WHY, BRINGING DOWN THOSE DASTARDLY NAZIS, OF COURSE, LIKE THAT MONGREL, PRUNEFACE. HE'S THE SCRUFF YOU'RE AFTER, IS IT?

I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE IT...DIDN'T WANT TO ***BELIEVE*** IT, BUT THE PIECES FIT.

"I CAN'T BELIEVE I MISSED IT."

RIGHT-O. THIS WAY, SAM.

WHERE ARE WE--

BUT IT'S TRUE.

"CARL CLIMER ISN'T THE MAN I KNEW IN THE WAR."

HEARD YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR ME, COPPER.

"NOT ANYMORE."

WHAT THE HELL--

"HE'S SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING *WORSE.*"

NOT SO FAST, DETECTIVE.

"CARL'S A *NAZI.*"

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY--

THWACK

--BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR.

To Be Continued...

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#15

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MAD CAVE

MAD CAVE

No.1

WHERE DOES THE RAINBOW END?

PERILLO · CARDOSELLI · SCARAMELLA · BEAUDOIN

THERE WAS A TIME, LONG AGO, WHEN HUMANS AND ROBOTS INHABITED THE WORLD IN HARMONY.

CACACE BROS©
-NEW YORK CITY-

HUMANS LIVED IN THE BIG CITIES. WHILE ROBOTS, WHO WORKED IN THEIR SERVICE, WERE ONLY ALLOWED TO LIVE ON THE OUTSKIRTS.

MANHATTAN

HUDSON

QUEENS

IN NEW YORK CITY, ROBOT COMMUNITIES SETTLED IN THE CACACE BROS' LARGE CLEAR WORLD LANDFILL.

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OVER THE RAINBOW

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INCINERATOR

DARK CAGE

TOXIC NUCLEAR WASTE

RALPH

NEW YORK CITY, WEDNESDAY MORNING.

THE MODEL 169 ROBOT HAS JUST FINISHED HIS SHIFT WORK AT THE HYDRAULIC PUMPS IN THE PORT AREA OF THE CITY AND ENTERED THE CLEAR WORLD'S LANDFILL, THE LARGEST IN THE COUNTRY.

READ THE FULL ISSUE

WHERE DOES THE RAINBOW END?

Nº 1 - JANUARY 2026

BECAUSE ONE GRAPHIC NOVEL IS NEVER ENOUGH

MAD CAVE

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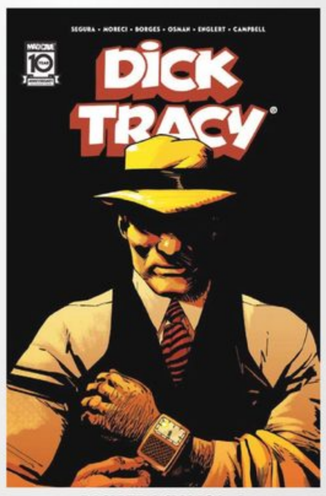

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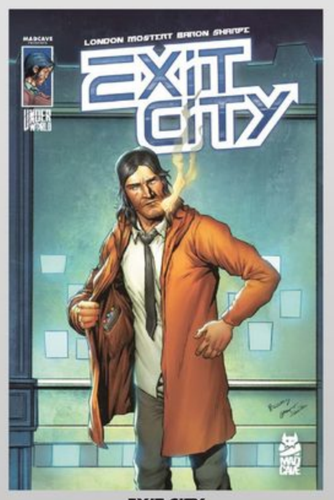

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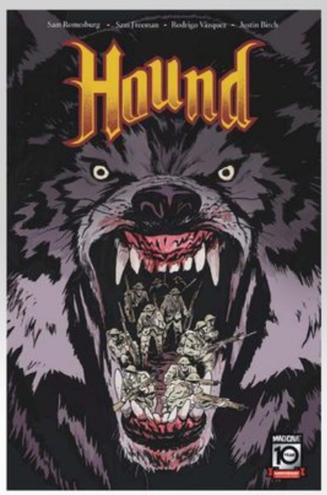

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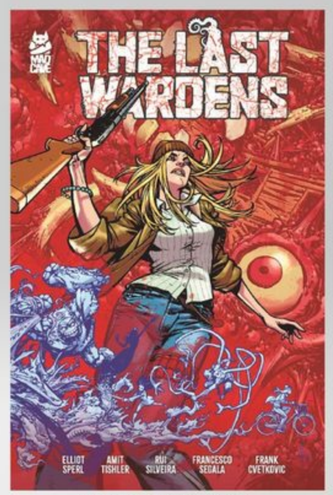

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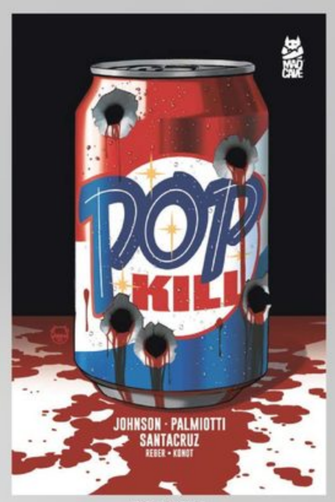

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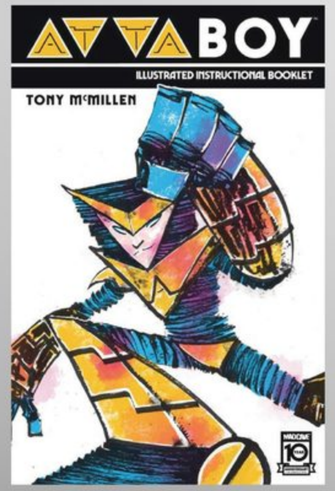

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